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For the Companion.

WALTER HOWARD; OR, "TRY AGAIN."

It was a delightful spring morning: the sun shone in all his glory, and the shooting blades, the bursting buds, the warbling birds, the sparkling streams, and the fresh genial gales—all nature—looked full of life and joy. Hundreds of bright and happy children were to be seen at that hour on the walks and lawns of Boston Common—some in groups wending their way to school; others to their work, and many eager and noisy in their games. But one wandered there with a downcast head and a sad heart—he seemed to take no pleasure in the joys around him; indeed, he seemed scarce to notice anything, so absorbed was he in gloomy thought.—This was Walter Howard, a fine young lad of about sixteen summers. He had left his mother in the country to try and find work in the metropolis; and after being employed some six months or so, the house in which he was engaged failed, casting the poor fellow adrift among strangers.

He sought everywhere for work, but could find none; at length, with a heavy heart he resolved to return to his mother's scanty board once more. It is just at this point we find him walking moodily over the common; he is about to bid adieu to the city, and not having enough money to pay his fare on the rails, he is setting out on foot to the little village in which is his home, some twelve miles off. All he can carry home is an empty pocket and a sad heart; all his mother can afford him is a meagre table and her tears!—Poor fellow! no wonder he is so downcast.

The next place we find him is about six miles on the road. He is weary, and has seated himself on a bank for a moment's rest. His face is still downcast, and the big tears are dropping from his fine blue eyes. Ah! young lads, with your fine homes, and liberal, wealthy parents, little do you know of the feelings of a poor but noble and high spirited youth like Walter Howard in his present circumstances.—Let not your lip curl in scorn when I tell you that Howard shed tears.

Walter had not been seated for more than five minutes, when he suddenly lifted his eyes to the blue heaven, and exclaimed, in a firm, buoyant tone, 'Yes, I shall try again! Oh, God, help me!'

The tear was dashed from his glowing cheek, fire seemed to kindle in his eye, and every muscle in his body appeared to have fresh vigor.

'Yes, I shall try again! God help me!'

With elastic tread, and every token of an almost unnatural resolution did he retrace his steps toward the city. He seemed to be driven by an ungovernable impulse, for in about half the time it took him to come the distance he had, he returned.

Again was the beautiful common covered with merry groups

'Of playful children just let loose from school;'

once more did the dust-covered and throbbing feet of Walter tread the gravelled walls, but his heart was not sad, nor his head drooped now. No, he seemed to catch fresh energy from the lively scenes around him.

Coming to a stone seat near the Park-street mall, he drew out his handkerchief and commenced to brush off the dust from his pants and shoes. Presently some one touched him on the shoulder, and a voice said—'Walter Howard, is it not?'

Walter turned in surprise, and there stood Mr. ——, a wealthy merchant in Milk street, whom he had frequently noticed in his old employer's store.

'Yes, sir,' faltered the youth.

'Where are you at work now?'

'I'm out of work, sir. I'm—the house failed, sir.'

'Aye, I know it. Well, Walter, I noticed your conduct while in that house, and highly approve of it; and more than that, your employer spoke to me of you—he was kind enough to do so. Will you call at my office to-morrow at nine?'

The merchant nodded and passed on, whistling to his dog, leaving Walter in a state of bewilderment almost ludicrous.—At length recovering his speech and his wits, he said to himself,

'Why, what can he mean?—How could he have noticed me? Why should he interest himself in me? There must be some mistake! Well, no matter, I'll call. Knew my name, too! Walter Howard, said he! Well, my sakes!'

And thus Walter talked away to no one but himself, until he reached his boarding house in a distant part of the west end. His landlady was surprised and pleased to see him, for he bade her good-bye in the morning; and independent of his dollars for his board every Saturday evening, the good lady entertained an affection for the boy, and was really sorry when he left her house. When Walter told his story the merry-hearted dame was so delighted that she caught him in her arms and kissed him, crying out—

'Well done, Walter, all owing to my old song, "Try, try, again!" That's the way, never give up!'

Before Walter slept that night he dropped on his knees, and offered up his heartfelt thanks to his Father in Heaven for the bright ray of sunshine that beamed on his path. Walter never forgot his prayers. The last words his mother said to him when leaving her, were, 'Walter, my dear boy, remember the prayers I taught you;' and he did so.

It may be thought this youth is somewhat in advance of his years: and such is the case—he is a rare and a choice specimen, and doubtless there is a successful career before him. To satisfy the curiosity of the reader I may state that Walter is now in the office of Mr. ——, and will shortly have his mother with him in the city; and so, boys, let us learn from this story the good lesson—never to give up while we have strength to 'try again.'

ST. J.

'I MEAN TO BE SOMETHING.'

'Stop, darling,' exclaimed old Mrs. Grey, as her grandchild was hurrying past her. 'Just stop a few minutes and pick up these stitches for me.' Then, as she looked earnestly in the girl's face, she added, 'I am sorry to ask you, as you seem in great haste, but I wish to finish these stockings, and my eyes are worse than usual to-day.'

Minny Grey took the stocking from her grandmother's hand, but she did not do it pleasantly. She had just returned home, after some weeks' absence, and found all her young acquaintances busily employed in writing compositions for the lyceum.—A reward had been offered for the best manuscript upon a certain subject, and all were trying to get it. Minny at once resolved to enter the lists with them. Although the time was short, by great diligence she might, perchance, win the prize.

But she had scarcely commenced the task when a visitor was announced. A young friend called for the express purpose of seeing her, therefore she could not excuse herself without absolute rudeness. The visitor was in no haste, and when she did go, another came, and thus a great part of the afternoon passed away, and still the precious composition was yet unwritten. At length all were gone, and Minny had just started for her chamber when stopped by her grandmother. It was a sore trial to her temper, but as she dared not refuse, she took the stocking with a frown upon her brow, and instead of her usual pleasant reply, 'O yes, grandmother, I am happy to do it,' she stood with burning cheek and pouting lip, silently picking up the stitches, and wondering what would come next.

The old lady's pleasant 'Thank you, dear,' did not give her as much comfort as usual, for she knew that she did not deserve it. Again she started for her own room, when the voice of her little brother once more arrested her movements.

'Sister, sister,' called the child from the wood-shed where he had been at play—'Sister Minny, I've cut my toe right through my boot; can't you fix it?'

'I suppose I can,' she replied; 'but where is Jane?'

'She's gone away somewhere,' said the boy, 'but she couldn't do it up as well as you can.'

'Well, then, come along,' she exclaimed in a tone of voice that inflicted a wound upon the child's spirit, deeper by far and harder to heal than the one upon his toe.

Thus one thing after another took her time and attention, till it was too late to think of finishing the composition in season for the lyceum. But fortunately for her, as she thought, the evening was stormy, and the reading of the compositions was deferred to another week.

The next morning, bright and early, she commenced her task. Visions of literary fame filled her mind as she industriously plied the pen. She was sure she should win the prize, but she resolved to wear her honors meekly. She even bestowed some thoughts of pity on the poor girls who would be defeated. In the midst of these pleasant imaginings, her sister entered her room.

'Minny,' said she, 'I've come to ask if you are willing to help to do the housework for one week, and let Jane go home. You know she has worked hard all winter, without any recreation, and she really needs to rest a few days; moreover, her mother is very unwell, and she has sent for her. I told mother that you and I could do the work as well as she can; don't you think so?'

'No,' said Minny, in a tone of voice that was anything but pleasant; 'I don't think any such thing. If Jane wants to go home, we can have some one to take her place. There is Sarah May, she would be glad to come, and it would really be a charity to employ her.' 'But she don't understand doing housework,' said the sister, 'and mother might not like to have her come.'

'Don't understand house-work at her age? Then it is time she did!' exclaimed Minny, sharply. 'I'll tell you what it is,' she continued, 'you can go into the kitchen if you like, but I shall do no such thing. For myself, I mean to be something.'

'So do I,' replied the sister, mildly; 'I mean to be something good, and something useful; but'—

'Well, don't talk to me,' said Minny, 'I shall not go into the kitchen to work if I can avoid it.'

So the young sister was obliged to give up her benevolent plans, and Minny went on with her writing. The composition was finished, and at length the important evening came; the pieces were read and placed in the hands of the committee who were to award the premium.—Poor Minny listened to the reading with a beating heart and burning brow. Her hopes, hitherto so high, went down to zero, for there was one composition so evidently superior to her own, she was sure it would take the prize.

In the meantime Sarah May had taken Jane's place in the kitchen, as the latter was taken suddenly ill and obliged to return home. It was true that Sarah did not understand housework, and though gentle, willing to learn, and always trying to do her best, still, many dishes came to the table very ill cooked, when Minny could very easily have remedied the evil if she had been so disposed. But no, 'she would never be a kitchen drudge, she intended *to be something*.'

During the week following the reading of the prize articles, much curiosity was manifested, and there was much speculation in regard to 'the good composition,' as it was called. No one could guess who had written it. But the evening came at last when the mystery was to be solved, and the house was filled with expectant listeners. Minny was there with her sister, and soon after they entered she turned to her, and said,

'There is Sarah May; what do you suppose she is here for?'

'Curiosity, I suppose,' was the careless reply, and they gave no further thought to their 'kitchen drudge,' as Minny was pleased to call her. What, then, was their surprise on hearing the coveted prize awarded to Sarah May!

Poor Minny! Her mortification was extreme. Nor did a conversation she casually overheard the next morning, serve in the least degree to soothe her irritated feelings. Coming late to the breakfast table, she heard her father ask,

'Who made these cakes?'

'Sarah,' replied her mother. 'She is a good girl, and has improved very much since she came here, but she don't understand cooking yet. This is her first effort with the buckwheat, and she is much mortified at her failure.'

'Ah! that is it, is it? Well, the cakes are not so very bad, after all. But why don't Minny make them? She used to get them up first-rate last winter.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Grey; but since she came from school she don't like to go into the kitchen. She is trying "to be something," as she says, and I suppose she thinks it more respectable to write for the newspapers.'

'And you allow it!' exclaimed the gentleman.

'O,' replied Mrs. Grey, 'she'll see her folly before long; and be ashamed of it.'

'I trust she will,' said Mr. Grey emphatically, and then added, in a tone that sounded very much like contempt, '*Trying to be something!* Why, don't the girl know that if she is ever to be respected or useful in the world, she must begin by doing her duty, whatever it may be?—There's Sarah May, now, *she'll be something*, and no mistake about it. She's begun in the right way.' Minny's mother was right. She did see her folly, and was ashamed of it. The next morning, instead of sitting down to her pen, to be called three or four times before she could be made to understand that breakfast was ready, she met her father at the table, with a rosy cheek, and a plate of excellent cakes in her hand.

'Ah! that is right,' he exclaimed, playfully pinching her cheek; 'I am glad to see our dear Minny herself again.'

These words brought a deeper color to her cheek, but her father's approving smile gave her more satisfaction than the praises of all the editors in the world.—She did not, however, give up writing for the newspapers, but she never, afterwards allowed it to interfere with her domestic duties.

For the Companion.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Ever since Santa Claus came at Christmas time, it had been promised to Mr. Ashton's 'little folks,' that if they were good, 'real good children,' they should go to the Green Mountains, in April, to see maple sugar made. They lived only about four miles from them, but the state of the clay roads in the early spring had always made them impassable for the children, so this would be their first visit, and the inducement to behave well for so many months, was a great one as you can easily imagine. We will not examine too closely to see whether the parents were strictly impartial in deciding that the young folks had at last merited their reward, but will at once commence our story.

A nice, large, uncovered wagon—with three seats—stood at the door. Over the seats were spread buffalo robes. A very happy-looking driver seated himself in front of the wagon, to drive two good old farm horses that were to do some hard work before he was done with them. Into the wagon crowded many merry children, so many that if you wanted to number them, I rather think you would have to count over twice, for fear of missing some small head, and each one, on that day, was of much importance, at least to its owner. There were caps and bonnets of various heights, like a pair of stairs, while towering up very sedately in their midst, were father and mother, as happy as the babies they each held in their laps.

I, who am writing this story, am—well, I'll tell *you*, but I hardly think I should say it to everybody,—am—an—old maid; there now, that's frank, ain't it?—and live next door to the Ashton house, and it so happened that I stood peeping out from between the blinds, watching the young folks, and thinking that most likely many of the smiles which now wreathed their faces would be exchanged for tears before night, when unconsciously I put my nose out into the sunlight a little too far. The second boy John recognized it at once, (for it's a pretty long nose—though that's not my fault,) and began calling out to me, 'Miss Hetty, Miss Hetty! come go a maple sugaring!'—'Come! come!' 'Aunt Hetty, aunt Hetty! Miss Jones! Hepsibah. Hullow!' What a Babel it was; a perfect confusion of tongues. In the meantime, with a very self-reproved feeling, as if I had been detected in a wrong action, I drew in my head, and I know I blushed; but I was caught, and there was now no help for it. The clamor still continued. Quantities of little round elbows dug into father's sides, 'Miss Hetty *must* come, papa. We won't stir an inch without her. Go, please, and bring her.'

I don't know what makes children love

me unless it is because I love them, but they always do. Bless them! I do believe I have broken my arms, and lamed my back for life, carrying other people's babies, because they *would* cry after me.

Well, when Mr. Ashton came to my door there wasn't the least power of resistance in me. To tell the truth, I did not want to go, for I am not strong, and the wagon was so crowded I knew I must ride with two little ones in my lap, and two or three hanging around my neck; but how could I refuse? Sure enough! Could you?

So I hurried on my bonnet, and trying to look as happy as the rest of them, went down to take such a seat as I could find. I can sit anywhere—I always could. I don't know how it happens, but no place ever seemed too small for me to occupy, though just now the three year old baby would cry if he were put on the two square inches of buffalo robe which was squeezed out for me.

Before I had fairly settled myself the horses started. A shout, of course, proclaims we are on our way, and such a way! If you have tender feelings, I will not wound them by too minute a recital of what befel us. At first, as we went up and down into the deep ruts and holes which made up the road, we thought it fine fun, and laughed accordingly; but by and by the little bodies became wearied, and the young nerves more susceptible. Jemmy's teeth were in the act of biting off a piece of cake as we went into a hole, but the jolt came, and they went into his finger instead. I kissed and patted him for half a mile before he gave out one inch in his screaming. Tilly slipped from her seat, with a bump on the bottom of the wagon, five several times, until I contrived to tie her to me with my pocket-handkerchief. Willie amused himself by watching my false curls fly up, as I went down into some deep hole, with the wagon, and Fed, the most mischievous of them all, 'looking out ahead for breakers,' would contrive to precipitate himself from the driver's seat, over upon us all, in a manner more uncomfortable than pleasant.

But I shall never get to the sugar making, if I stop to tell you these things.—We jolted out four miles, all of us, (I know I was, for one) tired, and a little fretful, and came at last to the maple grove.

'My patience!' said Zed, 'if there is not an army of soldiers, with little red drums tied on before them.'

'I don't see no red coats,' said Susie. 'I don't see nothing but trees with red pails hung on'—

'There is the maple grove, my children,' said their father, now turning instructor. 'I hope you will all give attention to everything you may see. Never too young to learn, you know,' and he held the baby up somewhat higher, in his long arms. I made an effort to raise Minnie, but she felt like a dumb bell, in my hands. I dare say she weighed half as much as I, at that very moment.—'You notice,' continued papa, 'that these trees are tall and generally straight; that the limbs do not grow very near the ground, but branch out, and hang over from the upper part of the tree.—Now the larger and more thrifty the head, the finer the tree, and the better the supply of sap. You will notice also, that there is a bucket hung on almost every tree, two or three feet from the ground. Now the wagon may stop, and we will go into the grove, so that we may see the sap running. Zed, be quiet. Here, Willie, have an eye to Susie and Jane.—Martha, you take the baby, and Sophronia, you may have the care of Jemmie, and Mattie. Now, my love,' speaking to his wife, 'come down gently! This wagon was never made to get out of.'

Nobody ever remembers me. The whole party were in the grove before I could clamber over those high wheels, and I was a little stiff too, from my tight quarters; but I managed to hobble along after them just in time to hear Mr. Ashton recommence his description of sugar making.

'Here,' said he, pointing to some small round holes, two or three feet from the ground, about half an inch in diameter, 'are the incisions which are made into the healthiest part of the tree. Into these are put small hollow tubes, through which the sap from the tree runs into the buckets. When the north wind blows, the sap runs most freely from the south side of the trees, and so also from the north side, when the south wind blows.'

'But where is the sugar snow, father?' asked Willie. 'I thought the sap only run well when there was snow upon the ground?'

'It runs best when the nights are cold, and the days warm,' answered his father. 'It was a crisp night last night, so you see what a little stream is constantly running from the tubes into the buckets.—Sometimes it falls only drop by drop. When a sap bucket is twice filled in a day, it is considered a very fine run—commonly no tree yields more than three or four quarts a day, and it takes sixteen quarts of this sap to make one single pound of sugar.'

Their father was obliged to stop, for the children were a great deal more desirous to taste of the sap, than to hear about it, so he took down one of the pails from the large iron nail upon which it was hung, and beginning with the eldest, went down in regular succession to the baby, giving each one a taste.

'Pshaw!' said Ted, after a prolonged draught, 'it isn't good a bit, it only tastes like very weak molasses and water.'

'It looks precisely like water,' said Susie, examining it quite attentively.—'How clear it is. I don't see how anything so pure can taste at all.'

'You never was dosed by homeopathy, as I have been, then,' said Ted, archly, 'or you would know the least particle of medicine can affect a river of water.'

'Well, this is a homeopathic dose of sweet,' said Willie, 'now for the real stuff, father, the syrup!'

So we all went along—I helping three or four children at once over the ledge of rocks upon which the maple trees grew—to the sugar-house. This was a long, low building, out of the door of which was proceeding such a volume of steam that we all drew back.

Ted was the first to scent the sugar. 'I smell it,' he shouted, 'I smell it! real maple! hurrah for a taste!' and in he dashed.

We all followed, and there Ted was, hanging over a shallow iron pan, which was about four feet long, two wide, and six inches deep, filled with the boiling syrup. The heat was intense. We were content to try the consistency of the syrup with a tin dipper, and then turn away to another immense iron kettle, under which there was a large fire kept constantly burning, while the kettle was as constantly filled with the pure sap from two large hogsheads, which were standing within reach. The sap was brought from the grove in buckets attached to a yoke, that was fitted to the shoulders of a man or boy. Thus this part of the work was made quite expeditious and easy.

While we were examining these things thoroughly, a dipper of the syrup had been put to cool, and we went into the farmer's kitchen to have the process of sugaring explained.

The sap partly boiled is put into large kettles over the kitchen stove, and a mixture of eggs and milk turned into it. It is then boiled, and constantly skimmed as it boils. After it has attained the proper thickness for 'maple syrup,' all that is wished to be used in this manner, is taken out, and the rest boiled down to sugar.—Experience soon tells the boiler when this point is attained.

The mixture is then taken off, strained, and poured into moulds to cool. When cold, it is the article we purchase for 'maple sugar,' of which children are so fond. So, at least, ours were, for, having exhausted the contents of the quart tin dipper, without waiting for it only to become cool enough *not to burn*, they now fell upon the pan full of little hearts, scollops, rounds, and diamonds, as if the most decidedly interesting part of the whole operation to them, was the eating of it.

For fear some of my young readers shall think the same, I must in all fairness state that such a ride as we had home, I never desire to take again. It seemed as if the sweet candy had all turned sour.—The baby cried as if it was sick. Mattie put her sticky fingers constantly up to my lips to kiss, 'cause her head ached,' Susie couldn't find room enough for her little peevish self anywhere; Willie snapped the driver's whip into three of the children's eyes, successively, and Ted stole away Matilda's cake that she had hid under the cushion.

It was nothing but reproof, scolding, pouting, and crying all the way home.—Not that we hadn't had a grand time—we certainly had, besides seeing maple sugar made—but it was noisy, very likely because I am an old maid, and used to being quiet in my own room. How glad I was to get into it again, and with what jealous care I immediately went to the open blind, the cause of all my sufferings, and closing it very tight, resolved never to be tempted by an indiscreet curiosity, to exhibit even my nose, on the morning of a sugar party. H.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

"THE BABY'S RIVAL."

Lately my eye fell upon a paragraph in one of the papers, with this title. I read it slowly and with a throbbing heart, for it awoke a pain that I had hoped was stilled forever. It may be childish, but I cannot help it; the weight is upon my heart even while I write, and I live over again those bitter hours of agony which followed that too common story, 'Your nose is out of joint.'

It does, indeed, 'sink down like a stone into the baby-heart to which it is addressed,' and he only who has felt it, can realize how completely it 'makes him a poor, frightened, little outcast.'

I remember, as if it were but yesterday the first grief my childhood ever knew.—I was the oldest child, and had been the pet and pride of my parents for nine years, when a baby brother was added to our household band. I was, of course expected to be overjoyed; and an aunt was delegated to communicate the important intelligence, which she did in the usual manner.

'It is no such thing,' was my passionate reply, 'I know it isn't! I haven't got any brother, and you know it isn't so!'

In the fierce pain of the moment, I knew not what I said; and when she laughed at my torture, it seemed to me that I must die. No father, no mother to dote upon me! Alone and unloved! My all was gone, and a shadow fell upon my heart which has never entirely passed away. Not until I grew old enough to *prove* the never-failing love of my parents, could I believe that I was as dear to them as before,' and how could I bestow upon the intruder a sister's love?—Not for years did the evil influence pass so far away that I could say, from my heart, 'my brother;' and never while life lasts, shall I forget that cruel taunt, 'Your nose is out of joint.'

And when years had past, and I was old enough to reason with my feelings, the advent of a sister brought back the old pain in all its bitterness. This was a nearer sorrow; it would give my brother the favored place, and set me aside entirely. In vain I tried to reason with myself the head could not convince the heart. I mourned in silence day by day, and at night wept myself to sleep, until fever laid its fiery hand upon my brain, and dragged me to the very brink of the grave. There were no more taunts then! Those who had heartlessly made them, cared not to look upon the ruin they had wrought; but they who had sympathized with my sore heart, came with gentle hands and ministering care to lead me back to life. From that sick bed there arose at length,—a perfect wreck! For more than a year did that terrible pain fasten its daily gripe upon my head; memory failed, ambition failed, and life became almost a burden.

Health and happiness are returning, but my once jetty hair is threaded with silver; and though I love that sister better than life itself, I can never look back without a shudder of horror, a bitter heart-pang.

This is no uncommon story. How many a child has learned to distrust its parents' love, and to hate the innocent little stranger by this foolish and cruel practice! Think not your words have fallen harmlessly; a child may be dull to understand, but it is quick to feel, and when you take its mother's love, you take its all. Call it selfishness if you please, but it is the selfishness of self-defence, a law of our nature.

Punish a child and it may love you; neglect it, and it may forgive you; but grieve it, and it seldom forgets. Years have nothing to do with this sensibility; the heart is as keenly alive to joy or grief at five as at twenty-five. Beware then, by all your capacity of enjoyment or for suffering, beware how you inflict upon the heart of a child, a wound which at best, must leave a scar, and which *may* never heal.

ALAS FOR THE MOTHER.

Daniel Comstock, the farmer of Le Roy, N. Y., who was burnt to death in his house with his four little daughters, could probably have saved them if he had not tried to save his box of valuables, across which his blackened bones were found lying in the cellar. The mother had been some weeks at Auburn for medical treatment, and on the day before the fire wrote the following letter to her husband:—

"My Dear ones at Home—You will all be surprised, and I trust, like me, you will be joyfully surprised, when I tell you that I am coming home next week. * * * I should have started this morning, if I had had an answer to the letter that I sent on Tuesday last. I feel as if I cannot possibly wait till it comes. * * * I am not strong enough to endure much, though I am gaining. I am very much excited with the prospect of going home; hope I shall get calm before I start. I think I see you all looking very happy, my dear children, when pa reads this to you. Be good children, and I hope before another Friday noon to be with you.

Your affectionate mother, A. M. C.'

Alas! for this poor woman, when she learns the fate of her children, and that she is alone in the world! May God pity and strengthen her!

THE FAMILY.

SABBATH EVENING RECREATIONS.

We shall for three or four weeks to come, give scenes recorded in the Bible and we want our young readers to endeavor to find out from the Scriptures, what events and persons are described. We shall give the answers to the following in our next Companion, so that you may know whether your answers are correct.

I

It is early morning, and the sacred house of God is filled with balmy air and lighted by the first beams of the rising sun. But all is dark to an aged man who is still reclining on his couch for his eyes are closed in blindness. There is a holy and patient expression on his face, but he is very sad, his gray head seems bowed in sorrow.

At his side stands a manly looking boy clothed in a priestly garment. He looks intelligent and truthful. There is an expression of hesitation, and perhaps of pity on his countenance, for he loves and reverences his aged companion.

II

'It is night. The valley on which we look, is the encampment of an immense army.

The sleeping soldiery, and camels lying quietly at rest, seem countless in number, and are spread far and wide over the field.

A little company of three hundred men, headed by a noble young chief, are descending the mountains, and approaching this silent but terrible array.

They are unarmed, but every man carries in one hand a trumpet, while in the other may be distinguished a glimmering light.

III.

A ship rides at anchor in the port of an Eastern city, whose walls and towers overlook and are mirrored in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Not far from the city, and near the waterside, a little company are assembled. It is a touching scene. Men, women, and little children are kneeling together upon the seashore, and with the sound of the rushing waters is mingled the voice of earnest prayer.

Some appear full of sadness; but the speaking countenance of one, who is the principal figure, seems inspired with noble and holy resolution.

THE BLACK BEAR.

The black bear almost invariably grows torpid, or goes to sleep, in the winter. A spot under a fallen tree is selected for his den. He scratches away a portion of the soil, and curls himself up, in the hole thus made on the commencement of a snowstorm, and the snow gives him a nice, warm, and clean covering.

When taken young, this bear is easily tamed. A gentleman had one which he was bringing up, and teaching good manners, with an antelope of the elegant species called Furcifer. The two fed out of the same dish, and often nibbled off the same cabbage. Their owner frequently took his pets with him in his rambles, leading the bear by a string. While he was thus engaged one day, a large fierce dog flew at the antelope, and the gentleman, in his eagerness to protect his beautiful pet, accidentally let the bear loose.—Bruin seemed at once to understand the danger of his little companion and with a thoughtfulness, and kindliness of feeling very becoming in a bear, ran to her rescue. Without waiting to expostulate with the dog for his brute-like assault, he just gave him a blow with his paw, that rolled the fierce animal in a series of ground and lofty tumblings over a space of three or four rods. The dog found his feet at last, and used them, too, with most astonishing activity in making the distance as great as possible between himself and the bear. His howls showed very plainly that his feelings were deeply wounded.

The same bear would play for hours with a bison calf. When tired of his rompe, he would jump into a tub, and sticking his nose over its edge would watch his companion with a roguish twinkle of the eye, as much as to say, 'look out for yourself, I'll have fun out of you yet.' The calf seemed to enjoy it finely when his fat friend gave out from weariness and when he could take him at disadvantage, would butt his ribs most unmercifully.

There was a fine old bear, of this species in London who shared his den with a hyena. They were on pretty good terms, except at meal times. Then they would quarrel in a most laughable manner, for a piece of beef or whatever happened to be the bone of contention. The hyena, although the smaller, generally got the meat, while the bear moaned most piteously over his loss.

The black bear has some good qualities after all. We have seen human animals who could take a lesson or two from him.

SLANG.

A writer in one of the daily papers gives some of the slang phrases often heard from the lips of young gentlemen and ladies. Perhaps we ought not to have said *gentlemen* and *ladies*, for that class of young people never use such language, so we beg their pardon. However, here the 'slang' is, as given by the writer

"I bet you have too 'toe the mark,' 'You may bet your head on that.' 'You may play the piano mighty fine,' but 'I tell you,' you 'can't come to tea.'—'You may be handsome, but you can't come in.' You might just as well 'cave in' first as last, and 'absquatulate,' for you can't 'put it through,' 'any way you can fix it.' If you imagine that you may 'go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't,' you don't 'come it' by a long chalk.' 'Own up' now 'and do the straight thing.' 'If you don't come up to the scratch,' why I must 'let you slide.' But if you have a 'sneaking notion' for being 'a regular brick,' there is no other way—'as you knows on,'—'no sir-ree, hoss!' 'Kind o' shine up to you,' 'cotton him,' 'by the jumping Moses,' or 'by the living jingo' or 'my goodness,' or 'I vow,' or 'go it Betsy, I'll hold your bonnet,' or 'mind your eye,' 'hit 'im again,' or 'take me away,' or 'dry up, now,' or 'draw your sled,' or 'cut stick,' or 'give him particular fits.'

SCRAPS FOR YOUTH.

A SABBATH INCIDENT.

How peaceful and calm was that morning. No other sound brake upon the ear, but the ever roaring of the distant Yarrow. The mountains, the lawns, the trees, the dark forests in the valley, all seemed to feel it was the Sabbath rest. The sun poured down its golden rays into the study of——, as the young heir and his tutor were seated there. 'Sir may I choose some other verses to repeat instead of these?' asked the young heir of his tutor. 'Why so,' replied he 'are they so difficult?' 'No, oh no! not difficult to *learn*, but difficult to *say*.' How can that be' said his friend, 'what verses have you?' The boy repeated the first verse.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

'Why, my dear boy, you can say that verse very well,' said his instructor. 'O, yes, but—' and a tear of emotion stood in his eye—'I can *feel* that, but it is the second and last verse, that I can only *hope*, I cannot *say* them; at the same time he gave the book to the tutor, who, on recieving it, read aloud these beautiful words:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

The boy was greatly comforted, he felt his heart gently drawn towards the Sa-

iour, in whose merits he was led to trust. Dear reader, what do you think of those lines? They are not difficult, to *learn*.—Do you find them difficult to *say*? Are you quite sure your sins are washed away. Or do you *hope*, or do you care nothing at all about it. Be assured of this, that *without the forgiveness of your sins you will never get to heaven*.—*British Messenger*.

LITTLE EMMA.

It was a winter's evening in the year 1853; the wind was howling mournfully through the crevices of an old shattered house in the vicinity of St. Paul's churchyard, and the rain was falling pitilessly on the stone pavements as I was sitting cheerfulully beside a blazing fire, with a happy group of young smiling faces around me. The house was blest with many comforts, though the inmates were in humble circumstances.

Among that happy group there was one countenance above the rest which seemed to produce a lively animation in our small circle, and attracted the admiration of all present. The child's name was Emma.—She had only that afternoon returned from a visit in the country, and her healthful appearance was peculiarly striking. More than once during the evening did I take her on my knee and talk to her about heaven and happiness. I remember saying at one time, 'Emma, suppose God was to call you away to-night, in the midst of your mirth, would you be afraid to die?' A pause for about a moment followed, then so sweetly and with a degree of holy assurance which I could not fail to remark, replied, 'I should go and be with Jesus.'

The evening passed away innocence of childhood's mirth. It grew late, and I bade adieu to my youthful friends.

Business compelled me to visit the inmates of the same house on the next evening. I calculated upon an hour's happy society and innocent sport with the dear children. On my road I thought of different ways in which I could amuse them.—Arriving at the house, I was struck with astonishment in seeing the shutters up.—

'How can this be?' thought I. Who can be dead? Perhaps a friend of Mr. and Mrs. H's.'

It was with a tremulous heart indeed I entered that dwelling. The parents met me at the parlor-door, bathed in tears. I asked the cause of sorrow. No reply!—Seeing the state of all present, I did not press the question; at length I heard the mother faintly sob, 'My Emma!' I drew the conclusion. I leave my readers to do the same. Emma was dead!

Three hours after I had left the house, on the previous evening, she was taken ill, and at seven o'clock the following morning, in accordance with her words, 'she had gone to be with Jesus!'

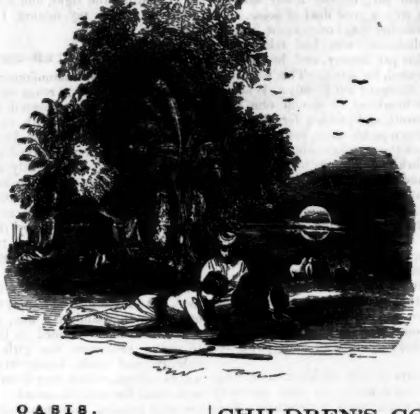
Scarce ten hours had elapsed from the time that that happy, healthful, blooming child had uttered these words than she saw them realized! What a realization! Young reader, this is a solemn lesson!

Emma was young, and so are you; *but she was not too young to die*: neither are you. If God should think fit to call you away in as short a time, and give you so short a notice—'are you *prepared to die?*' Die you must. Are you prepared? Let me remind you, God is prepared to meet you; are you to meet him? Dear child, I love you, and this is why I press the question. God loves you; this is what causes me still more to urge it. Are you prepared to meet God this night—this moment—should he summon you into his presence? Can you—young as you may be—lift up to heaven your youthful eyes, and calmly and confidently say: 'The Lord be praised, my record is on high; Jesus hath redeemed my soul from hell; my prayer for mercy he has heard; I know in whom I have believed; His spotless righteousnese is mine; I have the bright beams of his Holy Spirit upon my soul, giving me joy and peace. He is my Savior, my Surety, my Friend; on him, and him alone, my hopes for heaven are fixed. I know that he loves me, and will love me to the end, and that I shall soon behold him face to face, in yonder realms of bliss and never-ending love!'

'I do not fear to die!' Is this your testimony? Happy, happy child! Happier, ten thousand times, than the monarch with a glittering crown lined with the choicest velvet, who is destitute of such a record.

But should you not yet have learnt to bear such a testimony, oh! hasten to your closet, and there pour out the burden of your soul to the Father of mercies, with the cry: 'God be merciful to me a sinner. Create in me a new heart. Pardon my sins for my Savior's sake, and make me a follower of Jesus.'

Goethe says of Shakspeare: 'His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is visible.'



OASIS.

A very remarkable feature of eastern countries is the sandy desert; this is an immense plain covered with hot shifting sand. Travel over these deserts is extremely perilous, not only on account of the heat, the rolling sand, the simoom, and the bands of robbers; but on account of the almost total absence of water.—Hence it is that persons who wish to cross them are obliged to go in caravans in which the dromedary bears a conspicuous part. This creature is provided with a double stomach, one of which it fills with water before setting out, and consequently it is enabled to supply itself with water whenever it needs that necessary article. Sometimes travellers are reduced to the necessity of killing their camels or dromedaries for the sake of the water-stomach. But in almost every large desert there are certain favored spots in which a little spring of water may be found. Those are indeed few and far between. Wherever such wells are found, there also will be seen a patch of verdure,—beautiful green grass, tall palms, dates, cypresses and other trees, which afford delightful shade from the burning sun,—food for the hungry, and drink for the perishing.—such spots are called *oases*, or an *oasis*. The cut above that illustrates this article, is a representation of an Arabian oasis.

THE SAVIOR'S VOICE IS CALLING.

Hark! the Savior's voice is calling,
'Little children come to me;'
Tenderly his accents falling,
Tell how dear a Friend is he.
Patiently he waits to win us,
From the mazy paths of sin,
And a heavenly work within us,
By his Spirit to begin.

He has said that we shall find him,
If we early seek his face;
And we never need remind him
Of the promise of his grace.
He is ready, he is willing,
Ever waiting to receive,
Every soul with rapture filling
Who shall on his name believe.

May the New Year, bright and golden,
Dawning on this earth of ours,
Bringing, as in days of olden,
Rosy Hope's enchanting flowers—
Be the year, O precious Savior!
When our hearts shall turn to thee,
When we seek thy face and favor,
And thy true disciples be.—*Reaper*.

LOVE POWDERS.

The best medicine to cause others to love you is kindness. This is the only love powder in the world, and if it will not create kindness and love in return, nothing else will. Who can help pitying the poor mulatto girl mentioned below because of her ignorance and superstition, yet at the same time every reader will wish she could have the love she so much desired.

A poor mulatto girl has recently been tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder on a dish of oysters which made some of the family sick. It came out in the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of an evil design. The powder being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love powder, had sprinkled it on the food in order to make her mistress love her. It is a touching incident. She wished her mistress to love her.

He who will follow the footsteps of another, will always remain behind.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE BELLE RICHMOND.

'I mean to try to do as I ought to-day, and not do a wrong thing; I mean to be a *very* good girl,' said little Belle Richmond as she sprang out of bed one winter morning. When she was all dressed nicely, her hair combed and shoes tied, she opened her door to run down stairs.

'I mean to do right,' said she, as she closed the door, and returned to the bedside, and there knelt to offer her morning prayer. She prayed that Jesus would help her to keep her resolution, for she knew that she couldn't be good in her own strength. Would that all little girls and boys would remember that!

Belle was only nine years old; her mother was dead; she had no brothers and sisters; no one to love her but her dear kind father. Her father was a young man, who loved his little daughter very dearly.

Belle ran down stairs, singing a pretty hymn, and she ran into the parlor where her father was.

'What a happy little girl!' said her father, kissing her tenderly.

'I mean to be good all day, papa; I've begun the day right,' said Belle sweetly.

'How have you begun it, dear?'

'I *prayed*, papa.'

'That is the right way, darling—the *only* way to do right. But ring the little bell for the servants to come to prayers.'

Belle did as her father requested, and a moment after the two servants entered, and quietly seated themselves. Belle was very quiet during the whole exercise, clasping her hands as she knelt in prayer.

Her father gave her an approving smile as he kissed her 'good-bye' when she went to school. She began to think what good she might do that day, when she heard some one behind her calling out, 'Proud girl! proud girl!'

She turned around, and saw a little schoolmate coming near her.

'I didn't hear you before, Mary; did you speak to me?' said she, pleasantly.

'Yes, I did,' answered Mary, passing her.

'Do wait, Mary; I'm going now.—Please wait.'

'Do yon want me to?' asked Mary.

'Yes I do; of course I do.'

'Didn't you tell Emma Taylor that you couldn't go with me?' asked Mary quickly.

'Do right!' said Belle's conscience.

'Yes I did, Mary. I said so, but that was because you struck Emma. I would like to go with you if you are always good. I want to be good, Mary.'

'You are good, Belle. I wish I was as good!' answered Mary.

'We are *all* sinners: there is none good—no, not one.' When Belle had said this, she made her little friend promise to be good too. 'Only ask Jesus for strength to keep it,' she said.

During the opening exercises and the prayer, Belle resisted a temptation, and she was very glad she had done so. Her lessons were all perfectly learned and recited, and she gained an approving word from her teacher.

In the afternoon, Belle heard her name called, in a whisper, several times. She turned around, and saw a little girl, with her book before her face, eating an apple. This was breaking the rules; so Belle, not thinking, whispered, 'Please don't it's against the rules.'

'So is whispering,' said the child.

Belle blushed; and when the little girl offered her half of the apple, she was going to extend her hand, when she thought, 'Is it right?' No. Jesus help me.'

When they gave in their reports for the day, Belle was 'deficient;' but after school had ended she told her teacher all. She was forgiven, and her teacher pressed a kiss on her lips when she said, 'Good afternoon.' Belle Richmond came with her little happy face to her father, and told him how she had spent the day. It was almost her bed-time, but she did not feel tired.

'My child,' said her father, 'with Jesus' help, you can be good every day. But, Belle, you have had sinful thoughts, perhaps, to-day; you have still a sinful nature, and only by *prayer* can you overcome it. Keep near to Jesus and you are safe. Now, Belle, you have found it easy to do right *one* day, when Jesus helps you, can you not do right all your life-time, *all* your days, asking Jesus to help you? Try, my dear, and you will grow in grace as you do in years. *Pray* often, Belle, and you will be indeed what you now desire.'

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BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S PRAYER MEETING.

The prayer meetings of the young men, at the rooms of the Christian Association, at half-past five each afternoon, continue to be crowded. The members of this excellent Association have issued the following circular to the young men of Boston, and to their friends in the country:

"The Boston Young Men's Christian Association cordially invite you to their rooms in Tremont Temple, where, in addition to the usual social and religious privileges, there is held each day, from 5 1-2 to 6 1-2 o'clock P. M., a prayer meeting designed especially for young men. These meetings have been crowded, and of deep interest. The Spirit of God has evidently been present, and many young men have there arisen and declared their joy in Christ and intention to lead a new life. We ask the young to come freely, and we will give them Christian fellowship and religious counsel and aid as may be in our power.

If the parents or friends of any young man who is in Boston, desire that he should attend these meetings, and will send a note expressing that desire, giving the address of the individual, directed to C. D., Box 2259, Boston, he shall receive a personal invitation from some member of our Association."

A number of years ago, a pious friend in Maine wrote me a letter of inquiry, in regard to the disposal of his son, whether it would be advisable to put him in a store in Boston, and whether I could get him into a pious family.—I wrote him in reply, that there were few merchants who took their clerks into their families; they generally put them into boarding houses, where there are young people in similar circumstances, without any one to care for them—that Boston was a dangerous city for boys, on account of the many places of amusement and dissipation, and on account of the influence of vicious companions, who seek to ensnare strangers. Thus the good influences of home would be changed to the temptations of a wicked city. I advised him to keep his son at home under his own influence, and find employment for him where he could observe all his movements, and advise him in his business.

Boston is no better now than it was then, but it is blest with an *Association of Young Men*, whose circular is given above, and who can be depended upon as friends to the friendless, and as a shield to the tempted. It is a large society of the most pious and devoted youth in the Evangelical churches, whose aim is to lead young men in the paths of virtue and piety, and to improve their spare time in acquiring Christian knowledge and experience. It has a committee to find places for young men to board, where their morals will not be endangered.—We cordially recommend it to all parents in the country who have sons coming to Boston—also to all young men in the city, who would have friends to lead them in the right, instead of the wrong way of life. They will be introduced to a seat in the church, to a place in the Bible Class, and thus be put in the enjoyment of the means of grace, which may lead to eternal salvation. W.

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

Lexington, Georgia, April 1, 1858.

Messrs. Olmstead & Co.—I have delayed sending the subscription for my paper one month to-day, though not because I am less anxious to have it, that I have postponed writing until now, for I value it more now than I ever have. It is so delightful to read its highly interesting stories, after studying my books so much. It is a *good* companion, and I love it so truly I must have it for another year. Indeed, *my little friend* has become quite indispensible to me, and I hope to take it as long as it is published. Long may it be permitted to go to those who prize it so justly, and may happiness and prosperity ever attend its esteemed and appreciated editors. Most truly,

S. L.

Fox Lake, Dodge Co., Ohio.

Mr. Olmstead & Co., Gents.—My little boys have been trying all winter to get some subscribers, and have just succeeded in this one case. We are all, both parents and children, much interested in your paper, and I regard it of more value in my family than any other I patronize, and I have two other religious besides secular papers. Yours truly, S. D.

VARIETY.

A BIBLE LEAF.

I had been accustomed upon the first day of the week to lay by in store as God had prospered me. But this time the first day of the week had come, and not a penny had I at hand. I had prayed that I might, in course of the week, somehow find a little money for an exigency. The week had passed, and, as I thought, my prayer was not answered. I had changed my vest, and feeling a soft piece of paper in the pocket, now, thought I, my prayer is answered; here is a bill that somehow had got mislaid, and it has come in time. I took it out, and behold, it was a *Bible leaf*.

For a moment I was disappointed. But rebuking myself for such a feeling, I said in my mind, O that God would make this leaf to be more valued by me than any bank bill. I read; and what did I read but these words: 'For ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that y. through his poverty might be rich.' If Jesus had spoken from heaven to me on the spot, I could scarcely have felt happier. I was in such an ecstacy I went immediately to my wife, who had also begun to feel the pressure of want, and said, We are going to be rich! Here is a check for it. And putting my finger on the wonderful passage, I asked, If this leaf had been a bill on a good bank for a hundred dollars, would you not feel safe? Would you doubt? No, said she.—Well then, said I, this is a bill, a check, not for ten dollars, or one hundred. This is a check for enough to make us rich. How rich? By how much Christ sacrificed when he became poor, by so much shall we be made *rich*. And never to my recollection did I ever have a happier Sabbath than that.

Oh, thought I, how perishable are all the treasures of earth! I carried the leaf with me all day, and every time I read it I found something new in it. The *grace* of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was *rich*. He laid aside his riches. He became poor. And all for me, that I may be rich. What are included in these riches? Justification, sanctification, hope, joy, submission, triumph on a death-bed, glory, immortality. God is my Father. Christ is my Redeemer.—The Holy Spirit is my Comforter. Saints are my companions. Angels are my convoys.—Heaven is my home. '*Ye know* the grace.' Blessed Jesus, give me to *know* the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ: how he became poor, that through his poverty I may be rich.—*Am. Mess.*

HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In a small town about five miles from Petersburg, lived a poor old German woman. A little cottage was her only possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters on their way to Petersburg, her only reward.

Several Dutch shipmasters having one evening supped at her house, she found, when they were gone, a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great. Some of the company had just gone, and had certainly forgotten it; but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and they were, perhaps, at sea, the wind being fair, and there was no hope of their returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till it should be called for. Full seven years did she carefully keep it, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener by want, to make use of it for herself. Her good principles, however, overcame every temptation.

When seven years had passed away, some shipmasters stopped at her house to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, and the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been in the town.

'Yes, indeed I have,' replied he; 'I know the place but too well: my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles.'

'How so?

'Why, in one of these wretched hovels, I once got rather tipsy, and left behind me a bag of rubles.'

'Was the bag sealed?' asked the old woman, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and whose attention was roused at what she heard.

'Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain.'

The woman looked at the seal and knew it directly.

'Well, then,' said she, 'by that you may be able to recover what you lost.'

'Recover it, mother! no. I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to; besides, it is now seven years since I lost the money. I wish I had not mentioned the subject; it always makes me so melancholy. Let me hear no more of it.'

Meanwhile the good woman had slipped out, and was now waddling in with her bag.

'See here; perhaps you may be now convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagine,' said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were astonished, and bestowed much commendation on her honesty. The owner of the money was, as may well be supposed, highly delighted. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took one ruble (worth four shillings and sixpence out, and laid it on the table, with civil thanks for the trouble which his hostess had had.

The three Englishmen were amazed and provoked that he offered so small an acknowledgement, and warmly remonstrated with him. The old woman protested that she required nothing at all; that she thought that she had done no more than her duty, and desired that the Dutchman would take back his ruble. But the Englishmen would not give up their point. One of them said,

'An Englishman can never stand by and not see justice done. The woman has acted nobly, and she ought to be rewarded.'

At length the Dutchman consented to part with a hundred rubles. They were fairly counted out upon the table, and given to the old woman, and thus she was handsomely rewarded for her honesty.—*Storch's Petersburg.*

ANECDOTES OF CATS.

There was a cat in the family of an acquaintance of ours, that could open one or two doors in the house. They did not fasten with knobs, but latches, and there was a place to put one's thumb on and press down, and the iron, to which it was attached, and of which it formed part, passed under the latch and raised it.—Now, if that cat was on the side on which the thumb-piece was, and wanted to go out, she would stand up, and putting her paw on the thumb-piece raise the latch, and her weight against the door pushed it open, so, under certain circumstances, she could open her own doors.

She had a very curious contrivance, too, when she was out of doors, to get in when she wanted to. She would come to the door and call, mew, perhaps I ought to say, and if no one attended to her, after two or three times, she would mount the window-sill, and taking hold of the upper part of the lower sash she would shake it with a good deal of noise.

There was another cat, I once knew, belonging to an Englishman, who had taken great pains to train his pet, Jimmy, and he was indeed well educated, for a cat. This man lived alone, with no company but Jimmy. When he had cooked his breakfast, he placed one chair at table for himself, and another for the cat.—When *he* sat down in *his* chair, Jimmy got into *his*. Sometimes the man gave Jimmy a mouthful off from a fork and Jimmy would sit up on his haunches and eat it. After the meal was finished, the cat had his meal proper, for it was only an occasional bit he received while his master was eating, but *he*, the cat, must not enjoy it till he had leaped a stick, and rolled over several times. The Englishman always smoked after eating, and, strange to say, he had actually taught the cat—not to smoke, for I do not think that could be done—but to sit on his haunches, and when the man had placed the stem of a small pipe in the cat's mouth, it would really hold it there with both paws for a short time.

Well, then, cats *do* and *can* learn something, but it seems to me it would be time uselessly spent to try to teach such a creature. This education, in such respects, never seems to be of much benefit to them. I don't suppose they are a whit more useful, or happy, for all their training. If any one could teach them a better, surer, more effective way of catching rats and mice, it would really be worth while, but they probably know all about that, they ever will, and that is a knowledge man cannot impart to them.

Cats are cats and nothing else. Their nature cannot be changed, take as much pains as one can with them. Even the Englishman's Jimmy, though he could sit up at table and behave very well, better than many little boys and girls I have seen, for he was never noisy or troublesome, taking just what was given him thankfully, though he could leap a stick and roll over when told to, and make believe smoke, was nothing but a cat after all, though a very gentlemanly one.—*The Children's Book.*

THE LITTLE BIBLE READER.

'Where are you going, my little girl,
With your basket on your arm?'
'I am going, dear ma'am, to read to Jane,
Who lives on the Brookside farm.

'That is her house by the willow tree,
So mossy, and brown, and old;
'Tis a pleasant place in the summer time,
But in winter 'tis very cold.'

'What book do you take, my little girl,
To read to the poor old dame?'
'I always take the Bible to her,
Because she is poor and lame.

'She creeps to the grassplot by the tree,
To listen to what I read,
And she says, "The sweet and holy words
Are comfort to me indeed.

'"Oh! of such as I the Savior speaks
When he says the poor are blest.
I am glad that he bids the weary come,
And says that he'll give them rest."

'Tis pleasant to read to poor old Jane
Of the world where all is light;
There Jesus will wipe away her tears,
And there will be no more night.'

'Go on, go on, thou ministering child;
Go on in thy task of love,
Until thou art called from *work* below,
To *praise* in a world above.'—*Bible Society Record.*

SELF-DENIAL.

A schoolmaster had about a dozen pupils, who lived with him, and who, with his wife and assistant, had their repast together. On one occasion, Mr. Wright (for this was the master's name,) received a present of a pheasant. The cook, imagining that pheasants were not common things for school-boys, thought she would bring it nicely cooked, just as the boys had finished their dinner, and were about to leave the table, so that the master, his wife, and assistant, might enjoy it alone. Accordingly, just as the boys were about to stand up and give thanks, in came the servant with the pheasant. Mr. W. asked why it had not been brought in before, as they had now finished their dinner; when the cook replied that she thought that the pheasant was for her master only, and not for the boy.

'Oh,' said he, 'I never allow anything to be brought to my table which I do not wish all to partake of, for this, indeed, would be setting an example of selfishness which is quite the contrary to what I think is the system of moral training.'

He then requested the boys to be seated, and invited them also to partake of the pheasant.—Being a skilful carver, he contrived to serve every one present but his wife and himself with the dainty, for when he had served them round, there was nothing left.

Mr. and Mrs. W. were much pleased that the boys enjoyed themselves with the present they had received, and the boys were astonished when they observed that Mr. W. had served all except his wife and himself.

The next day, one of the boys received a rich plum cake from his mother. Having presented some of it to Mr. and Mrs. W., he distributed it liberally among the boys, and gave also a piece to each of the servants. As there was only a small portion left for himself, one of his schoolfellows came to him and said:

'You have acted very foolishly in not keeping the cake for your own enjoyment.'

'Why,' said the generous boy, 'did you not observe how Mr. W. served out all the pheasant yesterday, and kept none for himself?—And do you think that I could be so selfish as to keep all this present for myself alone, and not share it with others? I can assure you that I feel very happy in imparting of my own enjoyments to others, and my happiness is much greater than if I had followed your advice, and had kept it all for myself!'

The selfish boy felt himself rebuked, and was ashamed of his conduct. After a short pause he said—

'You are quite right, and when I receive a plum cake from my mother I will go and do likewise.'

MAKING LETTER ENVELOPES.

The process of manufacture may be thus briefly described:—A ream of paper, or about five hundred sheets, is placed under a knife of a shape corresponding with an envelope when entirely opened, which is forced down by a powerful screw press, worked by a hand lever. The pieces cut out, slightly adhering to the edges from the action of the knife, resemble a solid block of wood until broken up. The flap is afterwards stamped by a similar process.—A boy is able to prepare fifty thousand per day in this manner, taking one, two or three envelopes at each movement of the hand. They are then taken by one hundred girls, seated at long tables, by whom they are folded and gummed. A single girl will apply the gum to sixty or seventy thousand in a day, and from five to seven thousand are folded in the same time.—In these processes the girls acquire great celerity and skill, being stimulated by the wages offered, which vary from twelve to thirteen cents for each thousand. The envelopes are next counted, then branded and packed.—Some varieties are embossed or otherwise decorated, requiring additional labor. The establishment of which we are now speaking, consumes not far from twelve tuns of paper per month in the single article of envelopes.—This quantity of paper, at ten cents per pound, would cost two thousand five hundred and eight dollars.

DRAWING OUT CHILDREN.

Some persons pride themselves on their power of drawing out the intelligence of children by their mode of putting questions to them. And occasionally I have seen this well done; more frequently, very absurdly. The following is a specimen of a style of examination which I have myself more than once witnessed:—

'What, deer cheldrun, what was it that swallowed Jouah? Was it a sh-sh-sh-sh-shark?'

'Yahs!' roar a host of voices.

'Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not a shark.—Then was it an al-al-al-aligator?'

'Yahs!' exclaim the voices again.

'Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not an alligator. Then was it a wh-wh-wh-whaale?'

'Noa!' roar the voices, determined to be right this time.

'Yahs, deer cheldrun, it was a whale.'—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A CAUTION.

The Boston Traveller, of a late date, has the following:

'A gentleman at the west married a young lady of good family, but whose chief accomplishments were playing on the piano and reading novels. This gentleman had always, before going west, lived at a New England home, where every thing was taken good care of: and when it became a matter of course to have muddy coffee and heavy biscuit for breakfast, and to find holes in his stockings and buttons off his shirts, it soured his temper. The result of it all was, that, after a short, but unhappy married life, he obtained a divorce, sent his only child east to be educated, and then moved farther west. "A word to the wise is sufficient."'

PRESENCE OF MIND.

On Friday morning a fire was discovered near a flue in one of the public school houses in Harlem, N. Y., and dense volumes of smoke poured into one of the large rooms, when Mr. Jacob Warner, one of the teachers, said to the scholars:

'Now, boys, recollect my previous instructions—leave the building in order, and all will be saved.'

At the usual signal the children, 500 in number, rose from their seats, and without any undue excitement, left the burning building.—The firemen soon arrived and extinguished the flames before the building was much damaged.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

While a worthy individual, of the march of intellect school, was 'laying down the law,' recently, a knot of acquaintances in one of the streets of Cupar, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes upon his cart, and who, on the instant, thus appealed to the man of knowledge:

'Come awa', Mr. ——; knowledge is *power*, ye ken—*gi'e us a lift on wi' this poke o taties?*'

A man having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work.

'O, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir,' said the man.

'I presume not,' retorted the gentleman; 'but I think a barrel of ale would *run* at your approach.'

THE PRINTER AT FAULT.—A Liverpool contemporary, under the head 'Local Amusements,' gives an account of a fire that destroyed some thousand pounds sterling's worth of property. Rather odd fun!

GRATITUDE.—No creature in the whole range of the universe has so much to thank the Lord for as I have, and hence my gratitude ought not to be surpassed in ardor and sincerity.—*Sturm.*

A youth, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication table. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet as good as new.

THE MASSACHUSETTS S. SOCIETIES

HAS just added to its list of more than a thousand different publications, several new and very attractive books. Among these are the following:—

ENGLISH NELLIE; or, Glimpses of Beggar Life. By Mrs. E. L. Northrop, author of 'Helen Mortimer;' 'Proud Girl reformed,' 'Alice learning to do Good,' 'Letters to Young Communicants, on the Christian Walk.' 240 pp., illustrated with five beautiful new engravings. Price 50 cents.

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15—tf

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43—1y

PAIN KILLER.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES IN BURMAH.

SHWAGHYEEN, Burmah, March 6, 1856.

Mr. P. Davis—Dear Sir: Such is the great demand for the Pain Killer that I write you to send me as many as possible, in addition to what I have hitherto ordered, 3 dozen boxes, (two dozen bottles in a box) and a bill of the same, that I may give you an order on the Treasurer of the Union to the amount of the same. N. HARRIS.

HENTHADA, Burmah, March 17, 1856.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Gents: * * * I am sorry to say the last box of Pain Killer sent me has not yet come to hand. The expense of getting the medicine is everything, "these hard times," but the want of it is of far more importance. * * * Send me as soon as possible another box of the same size, (viz. $36 worth.) I enclose an order on the Treasurer of the Missionary Union for the amount. Rev. B. E. THOMAS.

Davis' Pain Killer sold by all medicine dealers.

45—1y

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